

MOUNTAIN

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between the Appalachian Mountains and the rest of the nation



JOHN C. CAMPBELL

"FRIEND CAMPBELL"

By FRANKLIN J. CLARK

Secretary of the national Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. A.

An Appreciation of John C. Campbell, sometime Director of the Highland Division of the Russell Sage Foundation, Founder and Chairman of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, Author of "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland"

Charles Kingsley was one time asked what was the secret of his deep sympathy and great understanding. He replied simply, "I had a friend."

Those of us who have known what it means to have a real friend will agree, I think, that there is no finer influence that can come into one's life than a true friendship. I mean by friend what Emerson was talking about when he said that a friend was one with whom you could "drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation" and be your true self. A friend is one who always understands you and, what is more difficult perhaps, never misunderstands you; one who tries to develop in you all the latent good and help you conquer all the active bad in your make-up; one who is willing and glad not only to share your joys but even to go down into the slough of despond with you if necessary. And when I say "Friend Campbell" I mean all that about him. Fortunately I never had to test his friendship to the extent spoken of above, but he always impressed me as the kind of a friend who would do all that if necessity arose. I had the feeling that there was not much I could ask of his friendship that would not be cheerfully and willingly given.

He radiated friendship. He had the faculty of making all who were with him feel as friends whether they were or not—from the moment they unconsciously caught the spirit of his friendly nature and responded with friendly feeling each for the other. Those of us who had the privilege of being associated with him in the beginning of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers remember how closely we were drawn together by his leadership. One of the most difficult things to do, perhaps, is to bring together a group representing the

various denominations and have them forget the things which unfortunately separate them and remember only the things upon which they can all agree. One of the outstanding features of the Southern Mountain Conference has been the fact that never in its history, so far as I can recall, has there ever been a clash along denominational lines.

"Friend Campbell" no doubt had strong convictions concerning the particular denomination with which he was affiliated. He may have been a Presbyterian; I suspect he was, though I am not sure and have no particular interest in finding out. He seemed to belong to all of us. I shall never forget how at one conference he took a bit of time to give us his *Apologia Pro Vita Tua*. It left me with the impression that he was just a good honest Christian too big to be fitted into any denominational mould, just a Christian-at-large, if I might so put it, with a deep and understanding appreciation of the good points of us all and a desire to forget the other things, those about which we failed to agree. His allegiance was primarily to his Master, and like St. Paul he was willing to be all things to all men if by any means he might advance the cause of his Master here on earth.

The Conference grew under his wise and friendly leadership until it became a recognized force in the work among the Highlanders of the South, whom he loved so well and served so faithfully. It was no easy task to bring together more than two hundred workers in the mountains, including not a few Board secretaries, all leaders in the work. The group was composed of men and women, lay and clerical, each one possessed of rather strong opinions concerning the work to which his life was devoted, each holding his own work very

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closely to heart, but each one seeming to recognize the sympathetic leadership of "Friend Campbell" as he acted as co-ordinating agent, making them, for the time at least, forget their ecclesiastic complexions and devote their thought and prayer to the work so dear to all. There were big men and big women always at the conference, men and women doing big things in the mountains, and acknowledged as the ablest leaders in this work in the country. But I think I am right when I say that all recognized in "Friend Campbell" a leader of leaders. Members of the group may not always have agreed with him, but there never was a disagreement in the conference. "Friend Campbell" had the faculty so necessary in friendship of recognizing the position of others differing from him. It was never his purpose, so far as I could discover, to impose his will on the conference no matter how strongly he may have felt about a matter, but always to invite the most frank and full expression of opinion from all who had an opinion to express and to

lead the conference to the best judgment based on all the facts on every question brought up for discussion. This was one conference I always attended. Of course I had and still have a deep interest in the mountain work and I coveted the association with the splendid people contributing so largely to this work. But as I look back I wonder if the real urge was not because there at the conference I met this good Friend and had the pleasure of associating with him and the other friends I made through him, and felt that my life would be poorer if I missed a conference and missed renewing or rather continuing the associations with my friends and fellow workers in the Appalachian field.

And when "Friend Campbell" went on to that larger field of service, the test was made of the service which he had rendered here. A man may be loved and his leadership followed while he is physically present, but often when that physical contact is broken the work he has done breaks up with it. This was not true of "Friend Campbell's" work. It seems to me that the best tribute we, his friends, have ever paid to him or could pay him has been in the way in which we have carried on. It was a sad blow to the conference to lose his leadership. It looked at first as if it might be a fatal blow. He had, however, worked too well and spent himself too liberally and loved too deeply for the result to be anything other than it has been. The conference took up the task where he laid it down. Men and women whom he loved and who loved him, who had been inspired by his friendship which still lived and glowed in them, were called from the membership of the conference to stand in his place and reinterpret for all of us those things for which "Friend Campbell" stood.

And so we go on, in the spirit of one who "though dead yet speaketh." His spirit goes marching on, inspiring and helping as he did before—not absent from us, but more really present than ever—to make us know the meaning of real friendship.

"The chief value of visions is in their fulfillment."—From "*A Country Parish*" by Mill.

"THIS WAS A MAN"

By JOHN F. SMITH

I was closely drawn to John C. Campbell the moment I first saw him. The meeting came about through one of those rare circumstances which many people call chance, but which some look upon as a special arrangement of Providence. From the moment he and his wife dismounted from their horses after a hard day through rain and mud, a spirit of comradeship began to grow which developed into a warm friendship that endured to the end of his life. And wherever I saw him afterwards, whether on the platform, at a conference, in his home, or somewhere on the road, his spirit and personality appeared much the same.

I saw and knew him under various circumstances. Once I rode on horseback with him for some days while he endeavored to convince one of the leaders of a great national organization of the exceptional opportunity to do a fine piece of constructive work in the southern highlands. On this trip a horse became exhausted, and Mr. Campbell and I rode the same animal for some seven or eight miles until another could be secured. He treated the whole matter as a mere incident of the day and got a deal of boyish fun out of it. On another occasion while playing charades with a group of friends he played the horse while I as rider mounted on his back, and we two scurried about the room, he in a hand-gallop and I having much ado to keep my seat during the performance. Again I saw him appear in costume as leading character in some simple drama, his serenity apparently much disturbed over the responsibility of a solitary button on which the arrangement of him hastily made costume depended. I saw him on another occasion holding his sides to keep from splitting at a ludicrous turn in a narrative which held him in agony until he and I could sneak around the corner of a nearby building and have it out in suppressed laughter. The nar-

rator of the incident apparently never saw the point.

But despite his keen sense of humor and his almost boyish inclination to have a romp or indulge in a bit of banter, he could be profoundly serious whenever the occasion demanded it. I sat with him and three or four others one day on the spacious front porch of Robert E. Lee Hall while we endeavored to set on foot a matter that would result in a piece of literary work that would serve a worthy purpose for generations. The beloved Dr. Kent of Charlottesville was in the group, and well I remember the serious questions and the equally serious answers which came from the group. Now and then the whole discussion was illuminated by an apt story told either by Mr. Campbell or Dr. Kent, or by some other member of the party. But owing to Dr. Kent's untimely death the scheme never came to fruition.

Time and again I have seen tears in his eyes as he spoke feelingly of certain conditions which he knew so well but which he had no power to relieve. And occasionally I heard him express profound regret that the horizon of some leaders was so distressingly narrow as to prevent them from seeing the real issues of life and progress.

But he never seemed to grow bitter. His faith in God and mankind was so sincere and abiding that his optimism was perennial. And his patience and tolerance were as much in evidence as his optimism. Often his good sense and sound judgment came into conflict with the petty sectarianism of self-opinionated bigotry of some mediocre theologian, but on such occasions his calmness never deserted him and his self-control always won the day.

His love for his people amounted to a dominant passion in his life. There was nothing flippant or sentimental about this love. To me it always appeared to be brotherly, sincere, and holy. It never expressed itself in

giving money or other articles to ne'er-dowells, but it sought to discover rational ways of helping people help themselves.

He had a profound understanding of human nature. I have heard him characterize in a few terse sentences someone who was doing his job well, or another who would have been a misfit in any position where brains were necessary, or still another whose common sense had all been shot away by the training he had received. For some workers in the mountains he had great respect and spoke warm words of commendation; for others he had a sort of benevolent disgust, for he knew that their methods were wrong and that their labors would be in vain. But this knowledge never stood in the way of his seeking every opportunity to enlighten such misguided workers and to give them a rational point of view.

He was intensely interested in the best phases of civilization in the mountains, and sought to induce the highland people and all others interested in the region to preserve the best. He recognized the superior native ability of the highlanders, and he always insisted that the problems of the mountains would finally have to be solved by the mountain people. Others might assist here and there, but in the end the real work of progress would have to be done by native brains and hands. To this end, he pointed out, the majority of denominational schools should formulate their plans. He took the position that as the public schools become more efficient, the less influential church schools should give way and seek new fields of labor.

He hated sham or hypocrisy. Whether he found it in educator or theologian, in politician, farmer, or any other man, he despised it. His own sincere nature, thoughtfully serene, open-minded, altruistic, stood out in sharp contrast beside that of people who love to pose and who spend their time and substance in the pursuit of selfish ends.

He was a student of men and affairs. He thought deeply and sanely. He possessed a rare genius for seeing things in their true color and setting. His conclusions were marked by a clarity and directness which led others to rely on his judgment and act on his suggestions.

He was never dictatorial, yet so sure was he of the accuracy of his information and the rightness of his conclusions that it gave him a self-confidence which, though never imposing itself on the opinions of others, enabled him easily to be master of a conference, group discussion, of any other meeting in which he participated.

He was a devoted husband and father. His high and holy conception of the sanctity of family relationships was so touching and beautiful that no written or spoken word can adequately describe it. His faultless consideration for his family always impressed me as being one of his outstanding characteristics. Always cheerful, never impatient, his manly thoughtfulness for those dearest to him won at once the hearts of all who knew him best.

The last time I saw him he was under the shadow of the illness that took him away a few months later. On that occasion he said, "There are so many things I want to do, want to get finished up! But my old heart won't let me work much at a time." He was still working at the task he had set himself to do, to represent the people of the highlands aright to the rest of their countrymen. He knew that they had often been misrepresented by heads of schools, fiction writers, and newspaper paragraphers, and he wanted to correct the impressions that had been made. He wanted the rest of America to see the great region and its people as they really are. To this end, with a fine spirit of chivalry and altruism, he devoted his last days.

Among the thousands of people I have known in many fields of endeavor John C. Campbell occupies a place in my memory which is permanent and satisfying. I valued his friendship while he lived, and I have reverence for the memory of the days of inspiration and comradeship which remains since he was called away. He was a herald of glad tidings, a prophet of better understanding, closer cooperation, and holier fellowship. His devotion to his friends was beautifully sublime in its sincerity.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
'So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man'."

"PROFESSOR" CAMPBELL

By DAVID J. DAVIS

Every life lived has its influence on those with whom it comes in contact, and leaves its imprint upon the world.

Fate, during my early youth, threw me under the tutelage of one who probably did more to shape my career than any other person. My parents had already instilled into me the principles of honesty, integrity, and a love of right and justice. When I reached the age of thirteen, Mr. John C. Campbell came to Joppa, a small mountain village in North Alabama, as principal of the school, it being the only school for miles around except for a few one-room huts taught usually by poorly qualified teachers.

In this little village, with its post-office, grist mill, gin, general store, and blacksmith shop, surrounded by a large territory of forest dotted here and there by one-horse farms, Mr. Campbell arrived, in a livery stable carriage from the nearest railway station twenty miles away. It was in the fall, when Nature with her many-hued landscape did all in her power to welcome him. We natives welcomed him, but with a feeling of reserve, for we considered him a foreigner, come to educate us, whose real worth was yet to be determined, and whose ability to cope with the situation was sincerely doubted.

Not a very propitious beginning, you will say, and it would not have been but for the innate fairness of the mountain people and the rare tact of John C. Campbell. He at once established himself in his new home, a four-room cottage across the road from where my family lived. With the small lot of furniture which he had brought with him, and with, as he termed it, "the mission furniture from barrels and dry goods boxes, and rustic furniture from gleanings in the forest," he and Mrs. Campbell, a sweet and beautiful character, made it a comfortable and artistic place. The inspiration which this gave others to beautify their homes may never be known, but in my

judgment it played no small part in the establishing of the many attractive cottages scattered throughout this mountain section at the present time.

Even before the work on their home had been completed, he took up his duties as principal of the school. Then and there he acquired the title of Professor, and though he often told us he was not a professor and though I know now that he was not, to me and to hundreds of others, he is not Mr. Campbell, he is not John C. Campbell, but he is Professor Campbell, whose memory we love, respect, honor, and revere.

Few are the men who can leave the centers of education and culture in which they have received their training, to go among a pioneer mountain people and so adapt themselves as to win their admiration. That is just what Professor Campbell did. His understanding of human nature was extensive, his sympathies broad, and his tact incomparable. He seemed to appreciate the problems of all, to sympathize in every sorrow, and to be able tactfully to adjust all neighborhood differences. He was one of those rare characters who can participate with his fellowmen on the most intimate terms, in all of their work and play, and at the same time retain their deference and his own dignity.

Not long after his arrival the men and boys of the community initiated him into the sport of "possum hunting" and gave him his first taste of green persimmons. In it all he was a sport, and from then on he was one of our people. After this one of our local seers was heard to say, "That air feller ain't no Yankee." It was not uncommon for him to take a trip with our ball team and play a position on it; to go with us on our fishing trips; to assist us in cutting the logs that kept the stoves in the school building at red heat during the winter months; in fact to take part in any of our work or amusement. We would

not have had him do otherwise. Notwithstanding this intimacy, none of the people failed to give him that deference which his position deserved.

When illness came or death occurred he was always at hand with his aid, sympathy, and consolation. Well do I remember his comforting words—if words can be comforting on such occasions—after the death of my mother, when he put his arms about me and said:

"It was in God's plan that she should go to her heavenly home and He knows best. Just let her life inspire you to nobler and bigger things."

Many a mountaineer can attest to his sympathy and aid in time of sorrow.

It is not surprising that he, with his understanding, sympathy and tact, won the love and respect of all the young people and had a remarkable influence upon their lives. I know all the persons he names in chapter one of his book, "The Southern Highlander and his Homeland," among them, Noah, Homer, Cyrus, Alexander, and Napoleon. That he left his imprint upon the lives of these men is unquestionable. There are hundreds of others, of whom I am but one.

At the risk of being too personal, I am going to relate some of the things in my own life to illustrate his influence. I was the oldest of ten children, eight of whom were living, and I began to do the work of a man at the age of ten. Most of my time was taken up in work to help support the family. When Professor Campbell came to Joppa, my school attendance consisted of only a few months at the one-room hut mentioned above. It was my privilege to attend, with a great deal of profit, the second term of Professor Campbell's school, and to be thrown in intimate contact with him during his stay there. He inspired in me a desire for an education, but he did not stop there. Knowing that I had no funds with which to go to school, he assured me that a boy with pluck and determination could work and earn his own expenses in good schools such as Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, and others. With this assurance and encouragement, I planned to go to

Andover, but a short time before the school was to open, I contracted typhoid fever. This prevented my going to Andover at that time and when I was fully recovered I gave up the idea and went West. There I worked in the cotton fields of Texas, the wheat fields of Kansas, and on the ranches of New Mexico. During this time the desire for an education which Professor Campbell had inspired in me continued to haunt me, until one day while in El Paso I made up my mind to go to school. From there I went to Andover, arriving with four dollars and ninety-five cents in cash and a letter of introduction from Professor Campbell to Dr. Bancroft, the principal, who just happened to be in Europe at that time. Not a very promising start you will say. Well, suffice it to say, that without any outside help, but with this four dollar and ninety-five cents and what I earned mowing lawns, washing windows, tending furnaces, raking leaves, shoveling snow, waiting on table, tutoring, etc., and by the use of the name of John C. Campbell as a password, I was enabled to go through Andover, except the last quarter of my senior year, when on account of the death of my father I had to go home and assist the family. Though I stayed out of school eighteen months, this same inspiration enabled me to graduate from the School of Law at Yale University; since which time I have practiced law in the City of Birmingham, Alabama, near my old mountain home.

I write this personal experience to show the influence which Professor Campbell had on one life, in one mountain community where he worked for only a short time. How many lives he touched and to what extent he influenced them, God only knows. That he influenced the lives of many and always for good, there can be no doubt.

Reared in plenty, trained in the centers of education and culture, he lived and worked among mountain people he understood, loved, and helped, and by whom he was, in turn, loved, respected, and appreciated. The influence of Professor Campbell cannot be measured. Though he has gone from us, he still lives and will live so long as the mountaineer exists. Of few can it be more truthfully said, "The world is better for his having lived in it."

OUR CO-WORKER

By ISAAC MESSLER

Chairman Conference of Southern Mountain Workers

The writer reluctantly honored the request of the editor to set down some facts about Mr. Campbell's life with special reference to his connection with the Mountain Workers' Conference and his wonderful service in the mountains. This reluctance was engendered by a keen sense of inability to discriminate between the many compelling accomplishments of his intense and eminently successful service. Gratefulness for a generous friendship of, and brotherly contacts with, a noble and worthy life compelled him to accept the request.

This is not a biographical article, but a few facts of his material life must be of interest. He was of Scotch descent as his name would indicate, his father having come from Scotland when twenty-one years old. The young Scotchman entered the railroad service and held managerial positions in the middle west. John was born in Laporte, Indiana. The family moved to Wisconsin, and there he spent his youthful days. He graduated from high school at Stephens Point and continued his preparatory education at Andover Academy, receiving his diploma from this institution in 1889. The same year he entered Williams College, from which he graduated with the class of '92. In accordance with ancient, now obsolete, usage, he was chosen to represent the family in the clerical profession, and accordingly pursued his theological education in Andover Seminary. The lure of service in the Appalachian field caught him while he was in the seminary, and instead of the conventional life of the Congregational minister he chose the thrilling, congenial, fruitful service which was opened to him in that field. Here he labored continuously until death prematurely and abruptly spirited him off.

He spent the three years following his graduation from the seminary at Joppa, Alabama, as principal of the Academy; then one year as

principal of Pleasant Hill Academy; the eight years following as principal, dean, and president, successively, of Piedmont College. He overtaxed his strength in a campaign for funds for an endowment for the college and spent a year in England and on the continent. During this year he became involved in another campaign whose issue was tremendously successful not only for himself but also for the mountains. He met Miss Olive Dame, whom we now know as Mrs. John C. Campbell. Her consecration to his big program of service has, indeed, proved to be an endowment no less magnificent and fruitful than the consecration of himself to the highlands.

When the Russell Sage Foundation decided to carry its program of investigating and improving living conditions to the Appalachian Mountains, Mr. Campbell was selected for the task, first as an investigator and later as director of the Southern Division of the Foundation. His pre-eminent fitness for the large program has been proven by the results of his varied activities. He refused to confine himself to merely investigating, notwithstanding he interpreted the scope of that task in the broadest yet minutest terms. His book, "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland," is the classic in the literature pertaining to that section; it is encyclopaedic. His attitude was not that of an investigator. This feature of his office was hidden in the background, and his approach was that of a friend or co-worker. He was rather the investigated than the investigator. By this felicity of approach he doubtless secured much data of an intimate nature which the professional investigator would have missed.

Mr. Campbell's mental and spiritual qualities were potent factors in carrying through to a complete and successful issue the varied lines of service which he made his concern. His mind was keen and analytical. He was pa-

tient, painstaking, accurate. He dug down deep into the beginning of things. He was sympathetic towards the outward appearances, the habits and customs of the mountain people. Their habits, he saw, were the result of environment; their prejudices, of a narrow education; their vindictiveness was an ancestral legacy; their sensitiveness, not an inferiority complex but a reaction from the superiority complex of the outsider; their low standards of living, due rather to discouraging economic difficulties than to natural indolence. One who has had close contacts with the mountain people can appreciate the value of his broad sympathy. Without it he could not, and would not have achieved so widely nor so well. He visited the isolated regions of the whole territory, mingled intimately with the people, and left behind him no bitterness or ill will. He was the messenger of goodwill, of whom we hear so much today from more distant lands. Some of us were anxious to have him publish his book long before it was issued; but he felt—and doubtless he sensed the situation correctly—not only that his information was incomplete, but also that the printed page might arouse animosities and become a stumbling block in the way of further investigations. Knowing him as we did, we cannot believe that he would have set down anything that would have locked a door against him or closed a mouth.

His office in Asheville became a clearing house for the mountain work. His knowledge and advice were sought by workers on the field. The representatives of various agencies supporting work in the mountains consulted him about plans and problems. Prospective donors sought his opinion as to the worthiness of particular objects to which they had been asked to contribute. Prospective teachers and community workers would turn his office into an employment agency. His reaction to all this work of supererogation was friendly and sane and sympathetic. He was not merely holding down a coveted job: he was a co-laborer with the isolated community worker, a volunteer ex-officio member of any agency which came to him for information and counsel, an

active member of the fellowship of giving. Instead of dissecting and casting parts aside regardlessly, he diagnosed the case and sought and applied the remedy wherever possible. As counsellor and adviser he rendered an appreciated and valuable service in forwarding the heterogeneous program set up by those interested in the Highlander.

It was through Mr. Campbell's initiative that the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers' was organized. He was impressed by what he saw and heard in his contacts with the varied lines of work that there should be such an organization. A call, sponsored by several denominational Boards and heads of colleges and schools, was sent out. Some thirty-six interested delegates assembled in Atlanta, in April, 1913. Mr. Campbell was chosen chairman. And he was re-elected to the same office each year as long as he was with us, for he was considered the logical leader of the group. His position as Director of the Southern Division of the Russell Sage Foundation gave him opportunities for a wider acquaintance with the field, his broad sympathies eliminated every possibility of undue prejudice for any special type of work, and he was not affiliated with any denominational Board. But his re-election year after year gave him no little concern, for he feared that his long tenure of the chairmanship might be misinterpreted. He frequently asked the official Board to release him, as he thought a change would be an advantage to the Conference. But his fitness for the place was never questioned.

The building up of the program was a long and laborious task, even with such assistance as he was able to secure from members of the Conference. His conception of the value of the organization constrained him to put into it a maximum of labor and thought. He endeavored, and with success, to build up programs in which from year to year all lines of activities would be given, as far as humanly possible, commensurate space. It was impossible as well as impractical to cover each year the whole range of activities and interests. There were insistent calls for recognition of,

and for space and opportunities to present, individual programs. To discriminate and choose such topics as a well-rounded, interesting, and helpful program required called for sympathy, understanding, and tact. These qualities he had, and during the years of his administration the Conference was conducted with a minimum of friction and had a steady growth in numbers, enthusiasm, and usefulness.

His comprehensive knowledge of the whole field, his fellowship with those engaged in divers enterprises, his broad sympathy for all, and his desire that each worker in the field should, as far as possible, come in contact with the wide range of service, demanded a program wide in range and intimate in nature. The members of the Conference who knew him most intimately in this connection were cognizant of his intense interest in the annual meetings and his perennial fear that the program might fall short of its purpose. The ever increasing number attending the conferences and the increasing sociability of the delegates failed to disperse his fears. He was solicitous, too, lest some should feel slighted either personally or in connection with their work, and at the meetings he kept in close touch with the registration cards, greeted new delegates, and in many instances introduced them to the group. He prized the friendship and good will of the humblest worker, not only as a personal pleasure, but also as it had bearing upon the spirit of the organization and ultimately upon the entire work. The social side of the conferences has been one of their chief assets. It has made possible wide acquaintance among the workers and, in many instances, close and lasting friendship. Denominational prejudices have been eliminated by the vision of the big task. The exchange of ideas among the members has been mutually helpful. These privileges were extended by Mr. Campbell's insight and disinterested service.

He was instrumental, too, in creating an interest in projects and lines of service which he considered helpful and uplifting. When he found someone engaged in a unique enterprise, he invited him to present his work at a session

of the Conference. Perhaps it was the growing of seed potatoes several thousand feet above sea level, or a co-operative organization among farmers, or a community center successfully carrying on industrial enterprises for building up the economic situation or health campaigns or recreation programs. He was intensely interested in the ballads of mountains. He enlisted the aid of the federal government and secured able representatives from the health department and the department of education. Representatives of denominational Boards, from the field and from home offices, were pressed into the service. He sought aid from every quarter in gathering helpful information for the Conference, even to the proper disposal of cast-off clothing sent from the east and north. No other member of the organization, save Mrs. Campbell, had such a wide and intimate knowledge of what was being done in the mountains, nor an equally wide and intimate acquaintance with those carrying on the work and among those on the outside who could bring pertinent and valuable information before the assembly. The compelling appeal of the service he rendered the Conference reposed in the spirit rather than in the letter. The big thing after all was not the Conference; it was the emotions aroused, the spent body and spirit re-invigorated, the bringing into being of new forces and actions.

Mr. Campbell labored zealously to foster and maintain a spirit of goodwill in the Conference. Any action or word which might have conveyed a feeling of bitterness or irritation hurt his sensitive and lovable nature. He was extremely cautious in assigning topics for discussion and in choosing those whose names appeared on the program that the interests of the members and the member personally should have a fair hearing. The uniform good-fellowship which has prevailed at the meetings throughout the years and the entire absence of acrimonious debate are tributes to his generous and gentle nature. This spirit has prevailed under other leadership and has

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AN APPRECIATION FROM CHINA

By FRED F. G. DONALDSON
Dionloh, Foochow, China

It is a long distance from the hills of Habersham to the teeming plains and rock-ribbed hills of Fukien, China, and yet they are cheek by jowl, so to speak, in the life of the writer. They are both vital factors in one short life. And without any question the most powerful influence that came into my life during those early years of Piedmont was the friendship of John C. Campbell. He understood boys and I very much needed understanding by somebody. He possessed the rare gift of being able to sympathize—to feel with another, and lighten his load of grief. It was just at this time that my mother slipped away, so I know whereof I speak. The loneliness and the emptiness of life in the months that followed were tempered by his friendship. His home was always open, and I found my way there so often that a less patient or less discerning man might have wished me elsewhere. Often I sat in the library and read—absorbing the atmosphere as much as the subject matter, for his was a real home—but often we talked: talked of life as I saw it, and as he saw it. These talks were glimpses into new worlds for me, and my youthful horizons were extended. The residue that has stayed with me during the years is an appreciation of his fairness of mind and the tolerance of his spirit toward those who disagreed with him.

To him I owe the first revelation that there is for each human soul a road of direct approach to God, and that while it often does wend its way through the boundaries of organized denominationalism, it may be wholly outside them: that the individual has the right to seek and expect divine illumination in as full a measure as the priest. These may be commonplace thoughts for us today, but twenty-five years ago when revivalists were consigning finch players and girls who wore other

than white clothing to the nether world it seemed revolutionary.

When the time came for the final breaking up of the family and each of us older boys was striking out into the world for himself, he helped make it possible for me to start at Andover. Thus it is I feel that in a very real way whatever I have done that is worthwhile in life has roots that strike back to our friendship. As my education advanced we saw less of each other, but the inspiration that came from knowing that I had a friend stayed with me.

The revolving years have brought to me the opportunity to share with a less fortunate people my vision of the Heavenly Father, my knowledge of His Son, our Lord, that their lives might be enriched and that they might live and live more abundantly. The practical working out of the missionary program abroad is the same as it is at home in that we are rubbing up against people—individuals. When you reduce the problem to individuals, the approach has to be made through sympathetic friendship. And the better you understand the individuals, the clearer you see the good that is already there and realize that the task is one of cultivation quite as much as seed sowing. There is a never-ending variety of details to be mastered, but the central problem is the same one into which Mr. Campbell threw himself so wholeheartedly. It is the problem of helping the individual realize and give expression to the best that is in him. Institutions develop, but their object is ever to enrich and ennoble personalities. The important thing is to get people looking in the right direction—get them to look up rather than down, and help them express the good within that struggles, albeit feebly, for expression. This is my task—in essence it is the task of each of us;

(Continued on Page 15)

MULBERRY GAP

By ELLEN M. CLICK

A certain weatherbeaten, deserted cabin standing at the back of my grandmother's home was a place of charm to me as a child, for there I had been born in that first year after my mother's marriage; and there in the tangled, overgrown yard, the old-fashioned roses set out by my mother's hands bloomed riotously and bore their mute testimony to her love of beauty. I like to think that they were in keeping with her dreams of the future and bore them company. Her six daughters know that she had dreams for us, and ideals which are priceless.

A practical evidence that she held to these ideals through years of struggle with poverty is the fact that she refused to sell her Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, the only one in our valley, to the doctor who offered her ten dollars in cash for it at a time when money was sorely needed for the fast coming family. It and the big family Bible were much used books and perhaps furnished as potent means of education as any of the schools we ever attended.

Our dear grandmother was a rare woman who brought up her ten children and always found room for two or three orphans. Likewise there was room for the circuit rider or Baptist preacher, who were entertained with impartial hospitality. There, was a trundle-bed under every four-poster, standing one in each corner of this spacious log house, and

even in the big kitchen, where the cooking was done in a huge fireplace; but nobody minded the crowding.

My mother's grandfather had been an itinerant schoolteacher, and many an interesting experience he had traveling through the newly settled country, wherever a place might demand a teacher. But in his later life he settled down to spend his last days in my grandmother's home, and there every winter evening he had lessons until nine o'clock. Thus all the children learned to read, to 'cipher' to spell, and to write very well.

A deathless desire to learn was planted in my mother's heart, and I trust some of that desire was transmitted to me. She taught school before her marriage, and so it was that a few books were brought to our home—the dictionary, a History of the French Revolution, a Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and an old geography in which the "Great American Desert" occupied most of the territory just west of the Mississippi River. There was a Davies' Higher Arithmetic, but for me that held no charms whatever.

The rarest treasure was a year's publication of "Golden Hours," a periodical long ago discontinued. This was full of interesting "moral" stories, and what impressed me most of all, biographies of famous people.

I don't know how or when we learned to read, for we had only a few weeks' school each



HELEN M. CLICK

year in the little log schoolhouse at Frog Level. We "said our letters" in Webster's Blueback Speller at the teacher's knee and listened attentively when the older pupils read the "Fables." We had split logs for benches but I do not remember to have been greatly fatigued by the long hours, perhaps because it was so interesting to be with other children, and we were holding the thought of the coming play-time together in happy anticipation.

We were living up on the side of Powell's Mountain at this time, but my father bought a farm in the valley, to pay for which he had to work for years. He was anxious to have a school, as were our neighbors; so they united to build a frame schoolhouse at Mulberry Gap, in which we had school for at least three months each year. I remember one "writing school" and one or two other subscription schools. The house was open and bitterly cold in winter, the ceiling was low, windows were too few, and it was hot and stuffy in summer when it was crowded full, as it usually was.

By the time I was fourteen there did not seem to be much more I could learn in this school although nobody ever completed anything. The teacher usually started us all in at the beginning and we went as far as we could before school closed.

How my chance to go away to Berea to school came to me, and how I taught under a religious board for a number of years in different mountain states is not a part of this story except as the training and experience of these years prepared me, to whatever extent I may have been prepared, for the work I felt impelled to do in my home community, upon which I entered eight years ago.

Through all this time I kept the thought of the children out in the little schools of our mountain valleys and hollows. The situation in many communities of my county was not improving, for some of the families who desired better schools and roads were moving to the more prosperous centers, and many of the brighter, more capable young people were finding their way out to schools offering higher education and to positions in the outside world.

Schools had crept up to a five months term

if enough children attended or the teacher got along well enough to stay that long. There were conscientious teachers, of course, but the pay was so small that the minimum of preparation was all they could afford. Education was a county affair from the examination of teachers and grading their papers to paying the salaries. Our people believed in schools and wanted schools, but when farming is the only source of income and when people are far away from markets there is very little ready money.

As I came and went throughout various communities, visiting students in the schools in which I taught and especially on my visits home, I carried in my heart a feeling of real sadness because of the inadequate opportunities for the education of rural mountain children. This feeling was intensified after my first and only visit to a great city school where I had been filled with wonder at the orderly marching lines of children, the pleasant busy schoolrooms, the gentle-voiced teachers, and most of all at the equipment. I could scarcely believe that each girl had her individual cooking and sewing outfit, and each boy his own work bench and set of tools. My heart swelled with pride to know that I lived in a country that could build such schools and give such wonderful training to its sons and daughters.

It was not a copy of the city school that I desired with a passionate intensity for these children whose deprivations I knew so well; but I did want schoolhouses that would be comfortable, even beautiful, and not overcrowded; where there would be books and pictures; where specially trained teachers would bring all the richest and the best that education has to offer to these children as well as to the city children.

Gradually the ideal for a country life school for real country children formed itself more or less vaguely in my mind, and when my old schoolmates and neighbors asked me to take charge of the school I had attended as a child at Mulberry Gap, it came to me as a call to try to bring to reality some of my dreams. I had grown to feel that improvement in education should come through the public schools, not

only as being the most democratic means of social uplift and betterment, since it reached every home, but as a patriotic service to the state and nation.

So I came eight years ago and asked only at the first that the schoolroom be partitioned and a primary teacher employed. The community did more than this; they built a porch, two cloakrooms, and put in two extra windows.

Men, women and children responded in full force when the call was made a few days before the opening of school to clean up. Floors were scrubbed, windows washed, and the yard cleaned. New benches had been made, also a new table, and a blackboard. I bought an organ, had the walls painted, oiled the floor, had

Saturdays and Sundays had other tasks connected with the school and community life, including a Sunday School class. At school every child helped willingly to keep house and premises neat and clean, and I believe there were educative forces at work even if good teaching was well-nigh impossible.

One hot, steamy afternoon, I remember when time for recess came the young primary teacher reported that her room had been so bad they hadn't earned their playtime. I saw she was both exhausted and exasperated. One glance at the almost suffocated children, one sniff of the air—and prompt treatment was the only measure to be considered. To *punish* them, I took them in charge and marched them



Do They Deserve Less than the Best?

white covers for the tables; and the children brought flowers as long as they lasted.

We were a happy, busy group, but there were many drawbacks to good teaching: a hundred children crowding into the two divisions of one room; dirt sifting down through cracks in the ceiling in dry weather, and rain in wet; a floor that shook at every step, with spaces so wide between the cracks that cardboard had to be tacked over them in cold weather. Through the canvas partition every sound penetrated to all parts of the house.

I held over twenty classes daily, and on

away for ten minutes in the open air. There was no more trouble that day, but there was undoubtedly great discomfort on many days.

At the close of the first five months term the parents met at my request to consider extending the term three months. I managed to introduce the subject of a new schoolhouse, which was discussed and enlarged upon at subsequent meetings. I was studying everything I could find to get information as to the right kind of a house. None of us knew, and we scarcely knew how to find out. Then, too, the house could not cost much. Finally we thought

we had decided on the plan and a bill of the lumber needed was made out. The men of the community agreed to give and cut down the trees, also to haul them to the sawmill when one could be found and moved into the neighborhood. Part of the trees had been felled, when I met the state supervisor of rural schools; he informed me that we could get one thousand dollars from the state on condition that two or more schools be consolidated, that the county contribute one thousand dollars and the community two thousand dollars (which might be paid in lumber or labor), and that state plans be used in the construction. The plan he advised provided four classrooms, an auditorium, an office, and a library, besides the large hallway.

When I reported the result of the interview to my community, many thought it too great an undertaking, but I urged and encouraged until they agreed to comply with the conditions.

How to consolidate was a real problem. The roads get impassable in winter months, but finally at the suggestion of the supervisor we added the roll of a recently discontinued school to fulfill the requirement nominally, hoping the actual consolidation would adjust itself when roads permitted. This was, as far as I have ever heard, the first effort to consolidate schools in Hancock county. It should be remarked that this is a county of eastern Tennessee which has no railroad, no navigable streams, no incorporated town, no taxable industry, and until within the last year not a mile of hard-surface road.

You may well believe these were busy anxious days for me. The men continued to fell trees as planting time, harvest time, and weather permitted. I continued to teach school and talk about the new schoolhouse, to hope for it and pray for it. The schoolchildren pledged their mites. Their parents allowed them to set a hen for the school. The first dollar that was paid in was from a ten-year-old child who had earned it raising chickens. In the summer, with one of the mothers I walked over the country-side soliciting the price of a hen from the women and nails from

the country merchants. All gave cheerfully. A pitiful cripple gave twenty-five cents, and a reputed moonshiner from another community volunteered a gift of five dollars.

No money gifts from our people or elsewhere were large. One man gave fifty dollars in cash, two others twenty-five dollars each, and others smaller gifts, but most of our two thousand dollars was given in lumber and hauling.

But there had to be money to pay for roofing, hardware, cement, and other materials. This meant I had to solicit help from outside. I wrote hundreds of letters to my friends in other parts of the country, but even this was circumscribed because I did not feel at liberty to appeal to the church organizations with which I had formerly been in touch.

No human being can realize how I was upborne in those strenuous days by the heartening letters of interested friends and by their gifts, which in no case were large, but in every case were accompanied by precious words of encouragement.

I shall never cease to wonder at one thing in this undertaking. Without a dollar in the world except my small salary from the public school funds and without security of any tangible kind, I never failed to secure credit when materials had to be purchased, and was never late but once, and then only three days late, in paying a bill when it fell due, even when it amounted to hundreds of dollars.

It would make this article too long to tell of the difficulty in getting a sawmill, or even of the time when everybody stopped and said it couldn't be done, or of the time when the contractors came to make a contract and there was nobody there to sign it—for under the state requirement, I couldn't do it alone. Nor could I tell about all the heart-breaking delays and difficulties and the strain of working on in spite of hearing on all sides that the house would never be built, it just couldn't be done.

Every next step had to be studied and learned about before it could be taken. I, who at the beginning did not know the difference between a six-penny nail and a ten-penny, a piece of studding and a piece of siding, had to

buy everything under my own name—and I had to know what it was and why it was needed before it was bought. Truly it was a liberal education obtained in a practical and strenuous school.

In bringing this to a close I will state that we have been in the new schoolhouse nearly six years. It is properly lighted and seated, and has good blackboards. We have grown to four teachers and have two years of high school besides the eight grades. We have pupils riding horseback from five and six miles away besides some who walk from three to four miles. We have a horseshed with stalls for twelve horses, four sanitary toilets, a good woodshed, and a Delco-Light. We have a library of twelve hundred volumes, card indexed and catalogued. These books have been contributed by interested friends, which accounts for the fact that they are a heterogeneous mixture; but there are some excellent books among them and who knows how far-reaching their influence will be as they go out into the homes.

We have a school and community fair each fall, a Christmas tree, and various other activities of interest to the community. The children have responded marvelously to better opportunities for study. At first the average age of the seventh grade was seventeen years. Now it is thirteen. I might mention that we have had a nine months term now for three years. We have had notable visitors and speakers. A new world has come to our doors. We look to the time when good roads will come and the school can take on a greater growth.

I have kept before the children the thought that our valley can be a fair and desirable place in which to live if we make it so. All through the mountains are pleasant fertile little valleys which are well-suited to be "the home of a high and happy civilization," as President Hutchins expresses it.

We have only started toward our goal, which is nothing less than the highest type of country school—not one to restrict the children to rural life, but to train them for it, or for whatever place of service may beckon to them. It will serve for the most part those

who will live right here on the land. To them this school must give all it can in the years when it has them under its teaching.

I am convinced that we have acquired the limit of support which the school financial system will give, but not all that must be done is accomplished yet. There must be household management for the girls, vocational training for the boys, a play and recreation leader, and other features. Why should our children be denied these privileges?

It is a far cry from the great city school to the poor little shack that serves for a school in too many places. God willing, these inequalities will not be so tremendous in the years to come—how soon none of us know, nor how it is to be done exactly. I feel that it should come as far as possible through the public schools. All the writing and all the speaking will not do it unless the legislators take it up, and legislation can not do it unless there are people who care that it is carried out and who will offer themselves on the altar of service to these little children and to our great country.

AN APPRECIATION FROM CHINA

(Continued from Page 10)

it is the task to which Mr. Campbell gave himself, and in the doing of it he attained a degree of success far greater than he ever realized, as many a man and woman now carrying a full-sized load in this heavily laden world bears witness.

"One ship drives east, another drives west

While the selfsame breezes blow:

'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale

That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate

As we journey along through life;

'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal

And not the calm or the strife."

"A little duty done is better than a great ideal unapproached."

The easiness with which one's peace of mind is disturbed depends upon the size of the piece.—X. Y. Z.

"DOC" STEWART

By RICHARD W. DUKE, M. D. *Hueysville, Ky.*

Probably no man ever loomed as big in the eyes of the eastern Kentucky hill people of half a century ago as Dr. Byrd Stewart. Certainly no present day physician of this country can begin to equal him in the opinion of the few scattered people, now gray with age, who were his patients in the years that saw him unfailingly pursuing his extensive practice.

He was born about 1830 on the headwaters of Cumberland river. He never had more than a common school education, but he was a great reader and lover of books, possessing a large library for his time. His success was due to constant reading. He read not only medicine but ancient and modern history. Wherever he went, crowds would gather and sit or stand for hours to hear him read, or speak on the things he had read. His active imagination made him the most interesting man of his community.

Most of his professional service was rendered in Knott county. But in the seventies he came to Beaver Creek in Floyd county to give assistance in the first epidemic of small-pox there, introducing vaccination and other modern methods of combating epidemics. Through his influence, my brother and I as boys were induced to study medicine. The old doctor was always progressive and many of his theories in practice hold true today.

In my opinion, no man had more love for suffering humanity, and no man devoted his life more to it and received less in return. He seemed to have no care for his personal gain; his only desire was to help some one in distress. White-haired residents of the section say that fifty years slipped by with "Doc" traveling miles and miles almost daily, sometimes horseback, more often toiling over vague paths and rough roads afoot with his medicine in a pair of saddle bags on his shoulder. Never when he was physically able to

make a trip did he refuse a call. Whether or not his patient could meet a bill never bothered his mind. If he received pay it was all right, and if he did not it was all right. In fact he seldom received any pecuniary reward for his ministrations; when he received pay at all, it was usually a bushel of corn or a piece of bacon. The poorest paid nothing. Hundreds of patients who lay sick with typhoid, then a scourge of the hill-country, recovered as if by miracle under his care. Very seldom, says the aged hillsman of today who knew him, did he lose a case. When he found a case of a serious nature there he remained for days at a time, keeping a tireless vigil by the bedside until there was a change—providing another urgent case did not call him away.

When this remarkable man died in 1913, the hills people felt his loss acutely. The rising generation, of course, seldom hear his name, and would give it little thought if they did; but if some one praises a present day physician in an old mountaineer's presence, he will hear this in reply, "There'll never be another doctor in this country as good as 'Doc.' Stewart."

The names of a few of the patterns collected by "A Mountain Mother" are: Snake Trail and Dogwood Blossom, Double Chariot Wheel, Missouri Trouble, Doors and Windows, Bonaparte's March, Virginia Beauty, Federal City, Honeycomb and Dimity, Silver Creek, Governor's Garden, Diamond and Nine Rings, Lily of the Valley, and Bud Leaf and Panel Door.

"The team worker is more concerned about getting things done than about getting credit for the doing of them."—*B. C. Forbes.*

UNCLE SOLOMON EVERIDGE

By MAY STONE

Hindman Settlement School, Hindman, Ky.

Among those who have done much for the people of the Kentucky mountains, no name is more worthy of recognition than that of Uncle Solomon Everidge of Knott county. I feel it a privilege to have known him and to pay this small tribute to him.

The picture of Uncle Solomon on the day of my first meeting with him will always remain with me. It was in the summer of 1899. Under the auspices of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs, Miss Katherine Pettit and I had started some settlement work in a small tent near Hazard, Kentucky; we had classes in Cooking, Sewing, Kindergarten, and Library work, and did all we could to get acquainted with our neighbors. On the memorable day, in mid-August, this grand old man arrived in the early morning, having walked from Hindman, about twenty miles. He was eighty years of age, tall and straight, barefoot and bare headed, dressed in homespun. His heavy white hair and keen reddish-brown eyes would have attracted the attention of any one, for the eyes were those of a seer and prophet, one who had seen much and dreamed of much unseen.

He told us he had lived most of his years on Troublesome Creek, and that when he had

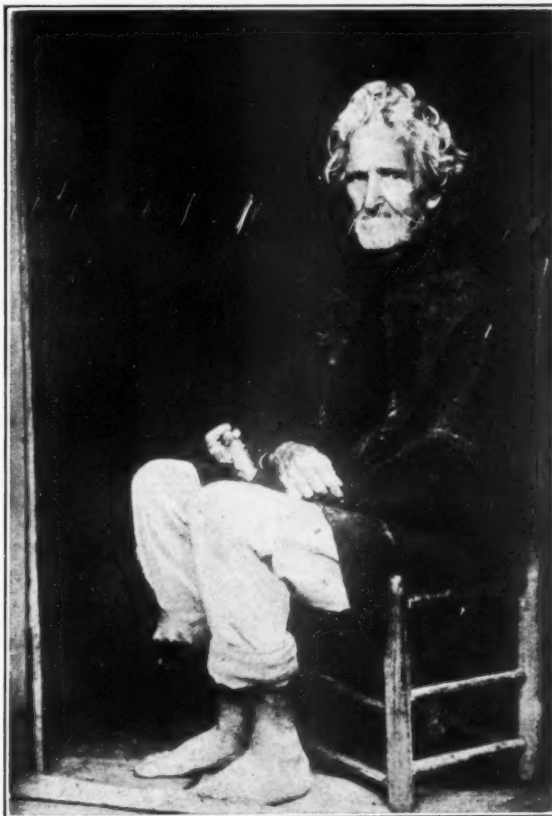
heard there were some strange women living near Hazard in tents, teaching the young people, he decided to come over to see what they were doing and to tell them about the young people of his town.

His words are still fresh in my memory: "When I was just a chunk of a boy hoeing corn on the steep mountain side, when I'd get to the end of the row, I would look up the Troublesome Creek and down the Troublesome Creek and wonder if any one would ever come in to larn us anything. But nobody ever came in, and nobody ever went out; so we just growed up and never knowed nuthin'. I can't read and write, but I have children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren who are just as bright as those anywhere, and I want them to have a chance for larnin'."

He urged us to come the next summer to Hindman to teach the young people there

what we were teaching those at Hazard; and before he left, we told him if we returned anywhere to the mountains, we would come to him.

All during the winter he had people write to us and remind us of the promise, and the following June found six workers established in tents on a hill overlooking Hindman. The first to welcome us was Uncle Solomon; and



UNCLE SOLOMON EVERIDGE

our greatest pleasure during that summer was to see and talk with him whenever time would allow. Many pleasant evenings after classes were over, we would sit in his home, listening to the stories of his people, the traditions of early pioneer life, their hardships, how they overcame obstacles and made homes along the streams of eastern Kentucky. The struggle to subdue nature and the being close to real life developed strength of character, hardihood of body, and a spiritual life of longings, visions and dreams for the younger generations.

At a mass meeting of the citizens held in the fall before we left Hindman, Uncle Solomon was leader in expressing satisfaction with the results achieved and in begging us to come back to start a school which would go on all the year and give the children not only book 'larnin' but the training in handiwork, home making, health, social life, and all that makes for better citizenship. When we said we did not have money to start a school nor the knowledge of teaching, he said, "Go out and tell the people about us and get the money, and find the right teachers."

The splendid co-operation of the people of Hindman and their pledges of assistance in establishing a school, added to Uncle Solomon's inspiration, made us very serious when we said farewell to our many good friends. We realized there was great need and a great opportunity, and it seemed to be our work to meet them both.

Later we returned to Hindman and took others with us for advice. They said that after traveling forty miles on horseback from the railroad to reach Hindman, it did not seem very practical to start a school so far from a shipping place for supplies, but that the sight of Uncle Solomon, sitting in a chair at the front of the courthouse and talking of the future of the young people, was sufficient inspiration to make any one feel a slacker who would hesitate to respond. So it was decided before we left there that we should make all efforts 'o start a school, and that we should make it as up-to-date and as adequate to all needs as could be done at that time.

Well trained teachers were found and departments opened in Cooking, Sewing, and Woodwork, at a time when only cities like Louisville and Lexington had introduced them into the public schools. Uncle Solomon had observed the work done along these practical lines in summer, and wanted them added to the usual academic courses.

For more than one year Uncle Solomon watched the School and was happy in the fulfillment of his dreams—then he passed on to a higher place. But his inspiration has dwelt with us through all the years. No one who ever knew this grand old man could forget him, or his faith in his people, or his happiness in knowing that the children of his community would have greater opportunities than had been his.

Never have we found reason to regret that we responded to his call, for Knott county people have co-operated to the extent of their ability, and the children have proven that "they can learn as well as children anywhere." From Knott county have gone young people to many colleges and training schools all over the land, where they have become leaders and make a lasting name for themselves. Though twenty-five years are not a long time, we can be proud of what our graduates have done. They are now filling places of honor as lawyers, doctors, preachers, merchants, teachers, nurses, homemakers, and helpers in their communities. Many of them may not realize that they are fulfilling a prophesy of this great pioneer, but they are all proud of their inheritance of race, and, we believe, they are an honor to it.

We no longer see men of the type of Uncle Solomon in the mountains of Kentucky or elsewhere. But they have lived and served their people, and their grandchildren and great grandchildren must carry on their work, so their dreams may come true.

"Helping is probably the principal occupation of eternity."—*Slater*.

The great soul is strong to live as well as to think."

THE STORY OF ROWENA ROBERTS

By COL. JOHN H. DILLARD

Of the large number of boys and girls born and reared here in our mountains who have gone out into the world and made good, the case of Miss Rowena Roberts is unique, even pre-eminent; and this pre-eminence is due, not only to what she has accomplished, but in larger measure to the splendid courage which led her to overcome apparently insurmountable difficulties before which many a heart less stout than hers would have quailed.

It is a source of regret to the writer that for several reasons, some of which must be obvious, he cannot go into some of those intimate details of her life's history which would add so much to its interest, and that he must content himself with "glittering generalities;" nevertheless her story is full of interest, and is told in the hope that others may be inspired by her courage and example to "go and do likewise."

Rowena Roberts was born on Beaverdam Creek, in Cherokee County, North Carolina, some twelve miles from Murphy, the County Seat. As this was before the day of good roads, that section was cut off from the rest of the county by mountains and was sparsely settled; it was quite remote. The residents there who then had occasion to visit the county town found it necessary to walk or make the journey on horseback, as a trip with a wagon was a matter of days. Her father, A. Z. Roberts, was a farmer, and bought and sold cattle. As he had been denied the opportunity of attending school, he could neither read nor write, but he was a man of fine native "horse" sense, and there were few who could calculate

the price of beef steer, no matter how many fractions might be involved, more quickly or accurately than he. Her mother, too, had no early opportunities to obtain an education, but became a woman of character and intelligence.



ROWENA ROBERTS

When Rowena was about seven years of age there was a three months public school taught on Beaverdam within walking distance of her home, and this she attended when the weather was not too bad. But before she advanced beyond the first grade her parents moved "out into the mountains." By this the reader is to understand that they moved away from the creek valley or settlement where a few others lived, to a cabin her father had erected as a dwelling for his family near the North Carolina-Tennessee line, on one fork of the Tellico River, and some seven miles distant from the former home and from any settlement or neighbors.

Her father had moved to this remote section in order that he might raise stock. There was no cleared land near his new home except that cleared by himself and his hired men, and the bears used to come and catch his pigs quite near the house.

The natural, unspoiled beauty of the surrounding mountains is indescribable, and it was amid such surroundings that Rowena spent the next six or seven years of her life, with no other child of suitable age for a playmate except a brother. It was during this time that she caught the inspiration which prompted her desire for education; and there, in those vast solitudes, living daily so close to Nature that she could literally hear its very

heart beat, Rowena Roberts learned to cultivate the habit of thought—"her thinker," our mountain folk called it. And there, we may readily conclude, inspired by the awesome grandeur of those mighty hills to which she daily lifted up her eyes, she saw those visions and dreamed those dreams which she was afterwards, by sheer pluck, to translate into actualities.

The writer would not minimize the importance of good, hard-working, healthy racial stock, and is proud of the pure blood of the people of our Southern Appalachians, but he cannot but believe that the surpassing natural mentality which they possess is due in a large measure to their natural environment, and that it is this, more than any other one factor, that inspires them with confidence in themselves and makes them independent, and also dependable. It is indeed a privilege, as we believe, to have been born and reared among the hills. The late Opie Reed in one of his many stories begins with the postulate: "It is impossible to project greatness upon a plane," and the entire book is devoted to an effort to prove it.

During the next seven or eight years after the removal of her parents to the mountains, there was no school which she could attend, and so Rowena had to content herself in trying to plan for, and in dreaming of, the time when she could go to school. As she herself expressed it: "It seemed there was something inside crying out for something different from my surroundings. I wanted to go to school and get out and do something." When about fourteen years of age, she obtained the consent of her parents to go to Tellico Plains, Tennessee where she worked and attended school for about six months. It was there that she came under the influence of a Miss Lee, who taught her during that time and who afterwards taught in a public school in North Carolina near Rowena's old home on Beaverdam, and some seven or eight miles from her home on the Tellico. During the early fall, and while the good weather lasted, Rowena and her brother rode horseback these eight miles and back across a high mountain in order to obtain the benefit of Miss Lee's teaching. With

the coming of winter and bad weather, Rowena of course, had to give up this opportunity; and not until she was about twenty years of age did she have another.

This time she went to Athens, Tennessee, where she entered after the Christmas holidays. Here she remained for four years, paying her way in the main by her work. Of her stay here she told the writer, "Everything was so different from my former surroundings. I hadn't had the opportunities that most other girls had had. I hadn't the clothes that mean so much to girls when they go away to school, and sometimes I was tempted to give it up. There were children not more than twelve years old in my classes."

During these years, and in fact during her entire schooling, she paid all of her expenses by her labor, with the exception of ninety-five dollars. After four years of intensive application at Athens, Rowena took charge of the kitchen and dining room of the College and served for a time in order to acquire a practical knowledge of dietetics, which she had selected for her life work. She gained more experience at Washington, North Carolina, after which she went to the capital city of the nation and took a thorough course in Home Economics and Dietetics. Since completing her course in her chosen profession, Miss Roberts has occupied various responsible positions in Baltimore and Washington, D. C., and has filled them all with great credit.

When informed that the publishers of *Mountain Life and Work* were anxious to give her life story to its readers, with her characteristic modesty she replied: "I am surprised that any one should be interested in my history." If only it were possible for the readers to see and know this remarkable woman as she is known to her friends, they would get a much finer idea of her than any pen picture can possibly give. Notwithstanding the responsible positions she has held, she is still the same fine, unspoiled person she always has been.

Her present position with the Sibley Hospital in Washington, D. C., demands nearly all

(Continued on Page 31)

A MOUNTAIN MOTHER

By LUTHER M. AMBROSE

She was the pioneering daughter of pioneer ancestors. Her great-great-grandfather came from across the water. His son, William Carmack II, enlisted in the colonial army from Washington county, Virginia, and helped George Rogers Clark win the West (Indiana). After the war he lived in Virginia. One of his sons, Levi, pushed down the Powell valley into the territory of Tennessee. There he raised a large family, some of whom swelled the tide of pioneers that settled the Middle West in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. One of the thirteen children, Isaac, was the father of our heroine.

"Ike," as he was called, married a young woman of unusual ability by the name of Comfort Hale. One mark of her ability was that she had learned to read and write, which was quite an accomplishment for a girl in a pioneer family. Previous to their marriage, she had entered one hundred acres of land. On this they made their first home.

After a few years they felt the urge of the pioneer, and with their two children they moved north and west into Owsley county, Kentucky, about 1839, and settled on Island Creek. Here they cleared some land and made a crop. Living, they found, was harder here than in the more settled section from which they had come.

In the early forties, in response to a call for volunteers to fight with Mexico, "Ike" went west. When after several months he did not return, Comfort gathered together her few possessions and with her little ones made the long five-day journey back to her own little home in Tennessee. Later "Ike" returned found his family had deserted the advance post, and went back to the old home. They

never left this home again; there they raised their family.

Their house was of logs, two rooms, a lean-to, and a loft. There was an open fire-place from which hung pothooks for the dinner pot. In the side of the fire-place was a Dutch oven, built by Comfort's father, who had come from Holland. Despite this convenience it was quite common for them to have "hoe cakes" baked on a clean hoe held over the glowing coals.

The home was three miles from a school, where a school was taught. There were schools in the valley where the more well-to-do farmers lived, for they had rich land, owned slaves, raised cotton, and were prosperous. But for the children of the rough farms there was little of schooling—little of anything except work.

The father worked away, when work could be had, in the distillery at Tazwell. He was at home very

little except during plowing and planting. The mother and children cultivated the corn and cotton, tanned the leather for shoes, "ginned" the cotton by hand, carded and spun it; they sheared the sheep, washed the wool, carded and spun, and the mother then wove the yarn into jeans and "linsey." She knit the stockings; the father made the shoes. Soap was made from wood-ash lye and cracklings. Conditions were like those in other isolated mountain homes of that period. Into this home, Isabelle, the eighth child, was born August 4, 1853.

The experiences of the early years of her life were such as to develop character and to inspire religious faith. The father could not read, but the mother read the Bible, their only book, and taught her children to read from its



THE MOTHER

sacred pages. She prayed with her children and filled their minds with a reverence for God. One story from those early years has been repeated to me many times.

Billy Hale, the grandfather of this family was a very old man. He lived in a one-room log house near their home. He was probably past ninety years, though no records can be found to indicate his age. He knew he was nearing the end of his pioneering, but prayed that God would spare his life until he heard one more sermon preached. Preachers were not plentiful, and considerable effort was put forth to get one to come. When at last the appointment was made and the preacher arrived, the neighbors for miles around gathered in. The old patriarch with his flowing white beard sat with his chair tilted back against the wall. His eyes flashed with interest as he followed every word of the discourse. After the sermon was finished and prayer had been offered the old man said, Lay me down, I can't die sitting up." He lingered but a short time; then passed on.

So vivid was the impression of this scene on the mind of a little nine-year-old girl that sixty-five years later she could tell the story to her great-grandchildren with as much interest as if it had happened but yesterday.

Though Isabelle had learned to read, she had no opportunity for school. Little girls could not make the long trip to the school; and besides, when she was seven, war broke out, the schools stopped, men and boys left home for the armies north and south, and women and girls took complete charge of the plow and the hoe.

Her father and two brothers went to the war. The father wanted to enlist with the Confederates, for his sympathies were with his neighbors in the valley who owned slaves; and besides they promised to help his family while he was away. Jacob, just grown, sided with his father. Mose had no sympathy for his valley neighbors, and did not trust their promises; his was the spirit of most of the mountain youth. But the father won, with the argument that since Tennessee had seceded his family would be safer if the men were fighting with the south. Mose thought of go-

ing north alone, but the idea of perhaps meeting his father and brother in battle turned him south. True to his early convictions, however, when his father was killed in the battle of Mills Springs, in Pulaski County, Kentucky, he deserted the Confederate army and joined the Union forces.

During those four years life was hard; at times the food supply was very low. Cumberland Gap, nine miles north, was a strategic point, and it was taken and retaken by both armies. First the southern, then the northern, troops would march past the home where the mother and her four little girls were living. The food supply was partially saved only by ingenious hiding places being used to store it. Meat was hidden in straw beds, corn in the loft, and potatoes were buried in the ground.

Not only was food scarce but life was often in danger. The farm horse had been taken by the soldiers; the family was out of meal, the grist mill was then held by the Union forces. The soldiers had never tried to harm or rob children, but a child could not carry a turn of corn five miles to the mill. Therefore the mother went, leaving the children alone (the oldest girl was about fourteen) to wait anxiously for her return. At the mill she was questioned by soldiers who, when they learned her husband was a Confederate soldier, accused her of being a spy. She protested but was taken to headquarters at Cumberland Gap. Questioned by officers there, she declared her innocence and begged to be allowed to go home to her children.

The children at home waited, filled with fear. As the shadows lengthened, the little ones began to cry, and when dark shut the little cabin in among its mountains, the terror and dread of death kept sleep away. The sisters huddled together in the doorway and waited and listened. They prayed. Finally nature took charge of weary bodies, and one by one they slept.

A prisoner for the night, the mother waited for the dawn. She knew spies had been shot. She prayed for her children. But the daylight brought release, and she trudged the weary miles back to appear before her little girls as

one raised from the dead. To them it was evidence of answered prayer.

Then came the news of the father's death. Soon after, the mother took to her bed with her last illness. The end came in 1864. The brothers returning from the war, Jacob from the south and Moses from the north, found their home without father or mother but with four girls who needed parents.

After a family council they decided to migrate to Kentucky, where two of their father's brothers had settled before the war. Packing their few movable belongings they began the overland journey. When they finally reached the home of their uncle Abraham, on Sturgeon Creek, in what is now Owsley County, they found that he lived in a small cabin and already had a family of eight children. But he received them all gladly. The brothers soon moved on toward the west, and the older sisters found homes where they could work for their board and keep.

Isabelle, now called "Ibby," lived with Uncle Abe two years. She was thirteen. She could cook, wash, feed cattle, hoe corn, card and spin, weave, knit, milk, scrub floors—in fact she was trained in all the work of the mountain girl of her day. And she was strong and able to work.

In these two years she got about one month's schooling. She wanted a place where she might be allowed to attend school, and this wish was partially fulfilled when she went to stay with a Mr. Lucas of St. Helens. He was to supply clothes, a home, and a chance to go to school. In the two years spent in

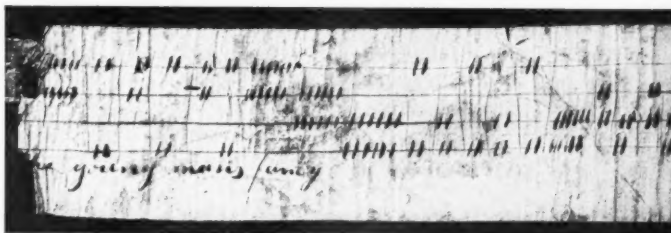
this home she attended about a month of regular school and a short session of a subscription school, during which time she finished the Blueback Speller. The work there was hard, from before daylight until after dark. The home could not afford candles except for company, so that any reading which the little hired

girl did was done in front of the open fire before it was covered with ashes for the night.

Occasional travelers stopped for the night and told to eager ears the happenings in the world outside the mountains. In the spring, with every "tide" some of the men went down the river on rafts of logs as far as Frank-

fort, where the logs were sold. They walked back, and when they stopped for the night on their way upriver they had wonderful stories to tell. In the fall, buyers would pass through with great droves of cattle which were driven to the markets in the Bluegrass over the old wilderness trail. Some of these travelers told of places in the Bluegrass where the children went to school five and sometimes six months in the year. To "Ibby" Carmack, this sounded like heaven. She would rather go to school than do anything else in the world. But it was only a dream, with no hope of realization. She would have to work on and read what little came her way after the day's work was done.

She worked hard and cheerfully, and the Lucas family loved her as one of their own. She had stayed with them two years, when the family lost all their savings through the treachery of a friend. Mr. Lucas was a cattle buyer as well as a farmer. He and a partner



PATTERN DRAFTS

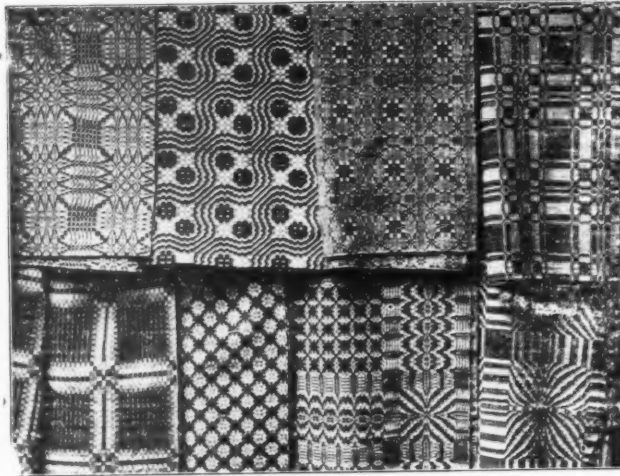
bought a large drove of cattle, investing in it all they had and all they could borrow. The partner, a younger man, took the drove to market, but never returned with the money. The family was reduced to poverty in the payment of the debts, and "Ibby" had to look for another place to work.

She returned to her Uncle Abe's home and there learned that Marion Ambrose, a Baptist preacher who lived on the river below the mouth of Island Creek, wanted a hired girl. Applying for the job, she was taken in as a godsend, for there was a young baby to be cared for besides all the other house work and chores. This job had appeared very attractive because Mr. Ambrose was a preacher, was well educated, and would of course have some books and papers to read. There was more to read, but there was less time to read it, for quite regularly she worked from before dawn till after dark, as much as eighteen hours a day. Her desire for knowledge was again subdued by the demands of work.

But she did find time to read her Bible, and she was permitted to go to "meetings," which were held once a month during good weather. She has laughingly told me how she walked to church dressed in her one good dress and carrying her shoes on her arm until she came near the meeting house. She carried the shoes for two reasons: to save the shoes, for they were her only pair, and to save her feet, which were not often burdened with shoes in warm weather.

During the two years in this home "Ibby" learned a great deal. She saw the girls of families who had wealth, that is level land, cattle,

"brought on" shoes. Some of them ignored horses to ride, and money for store clothes and her; others "made fun" of her. She realized that she must make a place for herself, not by what she had, but by what she was. Her decision was wise, for her worth was shortly recognized.



ARTISTIC PRODUCTS OF THE LOOM

Marion Ambrose, for whom she was working, was the son of one of the largest land holders in the county, who, having entered large tracts when the territory was opened to settlers about 1820 or after, had managed well, traded, bought, and improved until he was well-to-do for that time. The youngest son of the family, Barton, was still at home. He had served in the Union army, and was a moral, sober, and very religious young man. Still unmarried at twenty-five, he was considered a very desirable catch by the marriageable daughters of the well-to-do. But to the disappointment of these, he chose to marry his brother's "hired girl." Her beauty of character had been recognized by a man worthy to be her husband, and she was happy in the anticipation of her new home. Again hope sprang up within her. Surely now she would have time to read; surely now she could learn the things she wanted to know. She was seventeen, and life ahead looked bright.

But her training had been in work, and in her new home she found plenty of work which must be done. Her schedule of working hours changed very little. The difference was one of attitude: now she was responsible for the work. Her husband's father, mother, and sister were part of the family, for the parents were old and the youngest son, of course, must take care of them. His mother was an invalid

and needed a great deal of care, which the young wife lovingly gave her until her death.

Soon there were babies to love and feed and clothe. To clothe the children warmly meant washing wool, carding, spinning and weaving it. Cotton prints could be bought, but they did not wear well, and besides they cost money, which even in this rather well-to-do home was scarce. This home, like most mountain homes of that day, was self sufficient. Salt was gotten from a near-by salt works in Clay county. Coffee and sugar had to be bought, but little sugar was used since sorghum cane supplied the sweet. They tanned leather, and made their own shoes. (A goose quill filled with sulphur placed between the outer and inner sole produced a lasting squeak which made folks think they were new even after they were well-worn). The geese supplied feathers for the beds and pillows. The only cash income was from the sale of cattle, hogs, and sheep driven to market in the Bluegrass, or from an occasional raft of logs sent down on the spring "tides."

But this regular round of family duties was not all. Their home was the regular stopping place for the river men returning from "down below." Aunt Ibby, as she was now usually known, became famous for her cooking, for besides the river men she always kept the preachers when they came for the monthly meeting or the annual associations. This program spread the fame of the hospitality of the home, but it also began to wear away the vitality of the little woman who did the work.

When the older children were big enough to help care for the smaller ones and when it was possible to get a dependable hired girl, life became less strenuous. When the children began going to school, mother began with them—teaching them, studying with them, learning from them. This she determined to keep up, and except in arithmetic she did—her own system of mental calculation was faster and and simpler and served perfectly for all the calculations she was called on to make. When her three oldest girls finished the country schools and were able to teach, she was happy. They had caught her spirit.

In the summer of 1897 a visitor stopped for

a night and brought news that was to change the course of the family history. He was an extension worker from Berea College bringing the good news that in Berea boys and girls from the mountains could go to school and at the same time earn most of their expenses. Some money was necessary for the first payment; some homespun could be bought by the college.

This news raised a new ambition in the breast of this ambitious mother. She had six children at home to be educated, the oldest of whom was a girl already beyond the teachers in the schools near home. Next were three boys, sixteen, fourteen, and eleven. They must be sent away as soon as they were old enough if they were to be saved from the drinking and shooting which were so common among the young men there. Plans were made to send the girl in September.

In August the two younger boys and the mother became sick, presumably poisoned by something they had eaten, and the boys died. She recovered slowly, but by the time for her daughter to leave for school she was at her work again. The daughter, however, postponed leaving until her mother was stronger.

When in December the extension worker returned to get other students started, the daughter was ready. A man was hired to drive the team the fifty miles to the school to take her and a neighbor girl. The little mother tucked into the baggage a few yards of brown "linsey" which could be sold to help meet expenses. Then with a feeling of great joy mingled with fear she sent her girl forth.

The following summer her twelfth child was born. Since four boys had been taken by death, this boy was welcomed. That winter, due to the fact that his mother had engineered the plans and provided the means, the seventeen-year-old son found himself in Berea in the seventh grade. The daughter was taking normal work, preparing to teach. At home, the mother, with only three little ones to care for, found time to weave jeans, "linsey," and blankets, for which there was a good cash market even in the mountains.

Her children away at school had written that there was a better market there for cover-

lets. She had never woven anything except plain weaves. She had from her mother-in-law some faded brown strips of paper with figures on them which she had been told were drafts for threading up a loom for pattern-weaving. She did not know what the figures meant and nobody in the community knew, but coverlets were worth five dollars a piece and she must weave them. Horseback, she rode to visit other weavers. She found a great many old drafts, which she copied carefully, but no one seemed to know how to use them. At last she and a neighbor woman decided to experiment until they discovered how to use a pattern in threading up a loom. They succeeded. (Only those who have had experience with looms realize what this success meant.)

Soon coverlets were growing on her looms and on those of other weavers in the country, for she was willing to teach anyone who came to learn and she allowed her drafts to be copied by anyone who might have use for them; she was not selfish. She made a very large collection of drafts; in fact she would ride all day to get a new one.

During this time of collecting drafts for coverlets she had taken subscriptions for a farm magazine. She wanted the farmers to learn how their farms could be improved, and she wanted the encyclopedia which was offered as a premium for a certain number of subscriptions. When the red-backed volumes arrived she read them, she reveled in them.

In the spring of 1900 she and another mother in the community decided to ride horseback to Berea to visit their children. Her boy was sick and she must see him. This was the first trip which she had made away from the mountains. It was her first trip into a town larger than the county seat. She visited her children, spending several days with her son in the hospital. She sold her first coverlets, the head nurse buying three at one time. Provided with money, she yielded to desire and took her first train ride, to visit a sister-in-law. It was a great experience.

The following year at commencement time she made another trip to Berea, taking coverlets and blankets to sell, coverlets improved in workmanship and finish, for she was learning

the art. That summer, Mrs. Frost, wife of the President of the college, accompanied by a woman who was starting the fireside industries for the institution, visited the Ambrose home. This worker needed to know how the dyeing was done, and she needed a great many drafts of patterns. For several days she stayed and asked questions. Mrs. Ambrose showed her all she could and gave her copies of all the drafts she had. When they said goodbye, Mrs. Frost urged their hostess to make the president's house her home the next time she came to Berea.

The next commencement found her again in the college town. Mrs. Frost entertained her as a guest, along with the donors and trustees, for that was before Boone Tavern was built and the president had to entertain visitors and guests of the college in his own home. She trembled a little as she was seated at breakfast beside a banker trustee of the institution. But her fear gradually left as she realized she could enter intelligently into the conversation, that her reading and thinking and living had really given her an education.

The conversation turned to the dyeing and weaving industry. One of the trustees proposed that it would be profitable to have a home-spun fair, that prizes be offered for the best dyeing of various colors, for the best spinning, weaving, etc. This would attract more women and collect more information for the fireside industries. The president agreed, and Mrs. Ambrose silently vowed that when the next commencement time came she would have an entry in every class offered.

While a guest in the president's home she learned that there was a demand for hand-woven linen for men's suitings. This was good news, for plain weaving was faster than the patterns, and few people were buying jeans any more since the mail order catalogs had penetrated the mountains and machine woven goods could be purchased so cheaply. Having determined to weave linen, she inquired of other weavers who were producing linen where she might buy flax. The professional-secret idea had crept into the industry and nobody would tell her. She was not to be defeated, however. When she was at home again

she went to her encyclopedia, and there under "flax" found the name of a firm in Scotland that sold it. She wrote to Scotland and from them received a letter giving the address of an American firm from whom she could buy the desired material. Flax came, beautiful silky golden flax. The little wheel began to hum its steady monotonous tune, and the flax became linen thread. The loom soon produced men's white linen suiting.

The "fair" prizes were not forgotten. The dye-pot with its odor was ever present. Apple tree bark, hickory bark, walnut bark, walnut hulls, sumac berries, indigo, madder—samples were dyed of each. Many samples were dyed, and the best selected. the dyeing instructions were carefully written out on cards and pinned to the samples. Coverlets, white bed spreads of the Honey-comb pattern, and other articles for which prizes were to be offered, were woven carefully, every thread put through with an eye to perfection.

Once more the two-day journey. This time she was the guest of a daughter who had married and was living in Berea while her husband continued his education. The entries were made in the fair, one article for each prize offered. This time it was Mrs. Ambrose, the artist of the loom, who awaited the decision of the judges. Her joy was complete when the doors were opened and she found every exhibit bearing her name decorated with a blue ribbon. Every first prize offered was hers. Sixty-five dollars in prize money made the effort financially worth while. Besides this she sold all the coverlets, blankets, and linen she had brought. Ninety-two dollars was in her purse as she returned to her home.

These visits to Berea lead to a desire to live closer to the great school. Why not sell the mountain farm and move there? After all the most important thing in the world for her was the education of three little ones left at home, the youngest now old enough for school. During the winter of 1904-05, the important subject of discussion was, to move or not to move. The two years preceding she had suffered from rheumatism, so that she could walk only with the aid of crutches. Her body was

drawn, her fingers knotted and stiff. Her condition was perhaps the deciding factor in persuading the father to move. He hoped that away from the fog and dampness of the river and in a place where there would be less work to do she could regain her health. The next August, with three loaded wagons and with the family cow in the procession, the men made the hard three-day journey. On account of her rheumatism, the little mother with her children made the trip by train—after a thirteen-mile ride in the jolt wagon! Her body might have complained, but her spirit, unmindful of the jolts, was moving towards the realization of one of the dreams of a lifetime.

In Berea she soon found that children must have better clothes, and shoes, and books. These called for money, more money than father could supply. Again she set up her dye-pot and her loom, but her strength was unequal to the task. So she kept boarders, thus turning into cash the produce of her garden, poultry, etc. The surplus produce was sold, and everybody worked.

Soon the children were big enough to get work. After they were eleven or twelve they were able to earn all their school expenses. This brought a period of more leisure for the mother, more time to read and attend lectures. She took magazines and papers, and kept posted on matters of public interest. She visited with members of the faculty and made friends with them as well as with her neighbors. Seldom did she miss a debate, oratorical contest, or other meeting of educational value. Her mind was always open, and active.

In 1916 the father and mother moved to Colorado to pioneer again. They entered a claim of land near where two of their children had staked out claims, and in a rather comfortable two-room shack they homesteaded it. She had taken her loom along, but a prolonged illness prevented her using it. The next year the youngest son went west for a summer's work and to bring his mother home. They left the father to complete the homesteading and prove up the claim.

The severe winter of 1917 brought more illness; but she never complained under suf-

fering or disappointment, not even when sickness prevented her ambitious spirit from hearing her son participate in the important debate of the college year.

In these later years her ambitions were all for her children; their successes constituted the rewards for her sacrifice. At last she saw her youngest son deliver his commencement oration and receive his diploma, and her heart was full of pride, especially when she learned that he had been retained as an instructor in the college. She might have said, "Lord, let thy servant now depart," for she had seen the fulfillment of her life-long dreams.

She was spared, however, for seven years of further realization of the fruits of a useful life. They were years of suffering, but in them her soul showed its perfection. In January, 1922, she suffered a stroke of paralysis. She had never stopped work; when the stroke came she had just returned from the little farm where she had helped her son milk the cows. For some weeks her life hung in the balance, but finally she began to improve. In a few months she was herself again, except that she could not walk or use her left arm. Leaning on her son, she learned to walk again. She enjoyed auto rides, radio programs, church services, etc., once more.

In the summer of 1924 she made her last trip back to the mountain home where her children had been born. She was hauled over roads so bad that it took four mules to draw the wagon. Bed springs and feather beds served as shock absorbers, and a careful driver eased the wagon over rocks and out of mud holes. For three months she visited her children, and grandchildren, and told stories and sang songs to her great-grandchildren. Old neighbors came to talk over old times.

One reward of this trip was the visit in the home of one of her daughters. The home was ten miles from the railroad, on a road which runs up the creek and over which most of the traffic is horseback. Yet once there, she enjoyed electric lights, hot and cold water in the kitchen and bath room, good music, and many of the other conveniences and enjoyments which money and culture bring.

In January, 1925, a fall resulted in a broken hip which never healed. This was a source of constant suffering, yet in spite of it all her spirit remained serene. Friends who called went away feeling happier, for she never inflicted her suffering on others. And friends did call daily. Such an array of friends she had, for she knew no distinction between rich and poor, ignorant and educated, white or black. She had friends in all walks of life. In her suffering and in her friendships, hers was the spirit of Jesus.

Her children and grandchildren made regular pilgrimages to visit her. They also must have seen in her the very incarnation of the spirit of love.

On December 19, 1927, her pioneering spirit went out into the Great Beyond. Though her family and her friends felt the loss of her companionship they could smile through their tears with the realization that she graduated from the school of experience well qualified for the life into which she entered.

Even if her successes were not of the kind that are published to the world, she must be accounted victorious. In youth or in age, the heaviest burdens could not crush her spirit—the loss of parents or the death of children, deprivation and want or the daily grind of a large mountain household. Twelve times she went over the torturous way to the Great Pass of Life and brought back a precious little bundle of humanity. Denied formal schooling herself, she saw seven children and seven grandchildren become teachers, two of them doing graduate work in a university. She worked out her economic problems whether they involved solving the hieroglyphic puzzle of a coverlet pattern, learning the professional secret of the linen weaver, or winning all the first prizes in an occupation self-taught. She dared leave the accustomed and attempt the new when past the half-century mark of life, or make a homesteading venture at sixty-three. She would not yield to the pain of crying nerves or to the deadness of paralysis, to the isolation of the mountains or the distractions of the town. Hers was the spirit of the overcomer.

SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHIES

By FLORENCE H. RIDGWAY

These books have been selected from the more outstanding biographies of the last few years. The basis of selection was that of a wide range of reading. Therefore the books suggested may serve for recreation, information, or stimulus to larger living.

Lagerlof, Selma. *Marbacka*. Stokes, 1926. \$2.50.

This Swedish author, beloved the world around, tells of her childhood years at Marbacka, the old ancestral farmstead. Rare delicacy and charm characterize her writing, and the story, revealing the heart of a child, holds fast the reader's heart.

Grey of Fallodon (Sir Edward Grey). *Twenty-five Years, 1892-1916*. 2 v. Stokes, 1926. \$10.00

Viscount Grey, long connected with the foreign affairs of Great Britain and a diplomat of high character, gives in this book a lucid survey of pre-war diplomacy and of the first two years of the war period. One of the most important and influential personal records relative to the Great War.

Bade, William Frederic. *Life and Letters of John Muir*. 2 v. Houghton, 1926. \$7.50.

These volumes recording the wanderings of Muir in various parts of North America, give not only a fine portrait of the great naturalist but hold revelations for the nature lover.

DeKruif, Paul Henry. *Microbe Hunters*. Harcourt. 1926. \$3.50.

A most absorbing book about Leeuwenhoek, Pasteur, Koch and other great bacteriologists whose discoveries have profoundly benefited mankind. It is not only fascinating reading but a book to widen one's knowledge.

Pupin, Michael Ivorksy, *From Immigrant to Inventor*. Scribner, 1924. \$4.00.

Coming to America as a poor peasant boy from a Serb village he worked his way from

farm hand and factory laborer to the front rank of present day scientists. His book gives a very clear and delightful account of the growth of modern science during the last half of the century. His life story is one of dramatic fact and makes most delightful reading. Far more it is one of stimulus and inspiration, for the great keynote of his life is a boundless faith in the spiritual.

Brashear, John Alfred. *An Auto-biography of a Man Who Loved the Stars*. Houghton, 1925. \$4.00

A millwright who after his day's work spent his evenings with the stars and made a telescope for his own use. From this beginning he became the foremost astronomical lensmaker of his day. His modestly told story, not only in the matter presented, but in the method of its telling, reveals a personality of rare fineness.

Calkins, Ernest Eino. *"Louder, Please."* Atlantic, 1925. \$2.50.

Deafness came to this author at an early age, and thereby hangs a story of splendid mastery over life. Moreover, it is a most readable story, bestrewn with quiet bits of humor, touched with hidden pathos, vibrant with courage.

Harris, Cora May. *My Book and My Heart*. Houghton, 1924. \$3.60

With characteristic frankness and humor Mrs. Harris tells her life story. It is one in which hardship and struggle have had major place; but high courage sounds the dominant note. Of particular interest are her years as a country minister's wife in the Southland.

Mukerji, Dhan Gopal. *My Brother's Face*. Dutton, 1925. \$3.00.

After a sojourn of twelve years in Western lands Mukerji returns to India and writes of the changes which have occurred in his native

land. The book reveals the soul of India in the mighty conflict raging between industrialism and spirituality. One of the most important recent books about India.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. *My Garden of Memory*. Houghton, 1924. \$5.00.

The author of the ever-beloved "Rebecca" has told her own life story with the same exquisite touches of humor that flash in and out in all her writings. But the book is more than delightful reading. It is the portrayal of a life finely lived.

Bok, Edward. *Twice Thirty; Some Short and Simple Annals of the Road*. Scribner, 1925. \$4.50.

Those who liked the "Americanization of Edward Bok" will find this volume perhaps even more likeable. In a happy way the author describes some of the experiences of his sixty years. This age, he claims, is when wisdom begins.

Parks, Leighton. *Turnpikes and Dirt Roads*. Scribner, 1927. \$3.00.

A boyhood lived in the Valley of the Cumberland forms the background for this delightful picture of ante-bellum Southern life.

Finger, Charles Joseph. *David Livingston, Explorer and Prophet*. Doubleday, 1927. \$2.00.

The story of Livingston's adventures and accomplishment hold perennial interest. Here the story is told anew with fine zest and careful background.

Bradford, Gamaliel. *D. L. Moody, A worker in souls*. Doran, 1928. \$3.50.

This interpretation of the great evangelist makes a book of most readable qualities and presents a splendid portrait of the great man.

Sandburg, Carl. *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*. 2 v. Harcourt, 1926.

The author, acquainted from childhood with Lincoln's country, has produced a biography of great charm and reality. It covers the years of Lincoln's life prior to his Presidency

and affords a vivid study not alone of the great Lincoln but of our nation during that period.

Sugimoto, Etsu Ingaki. A daughter of the Samurai; how a daughter of feudal Japan, living hundreds of years in one generation, became a modern America. Doubleday, 1925. \$3.00.

"A lovely book" it may well be called—this appealing story of a daughter of old Japan. By early training destined for a Buddhist priestess, educated in Tokyo, she later came to America to marry a man from her own land. Here in America she has lived, learning the ways of the Western world and holding her native land and that of her adoption equally dear.

For children and young folks the following biographies both old and new are listed as favorites.

White. *Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout*. Harper, \$1.75.

Sweetser. *Ten American Girls from History*. Harper, \$2.00.

Sweetser. *Ten Boys from History*. Harper, \$2.00.

Hiel. *On The Trail of Washington*. Harper, \$2.50.

Hagedorn. *Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt*. Harper, \$1.75.

Keller. *The Story of My Life*. Grosset, \$75.

Hudson. *Far Away and Long Ago*. Story of a Boy's Life in South America. Dutton, \$2.00.

Moses. *Louisa M. Alcott, Dreamer and Worker, a Story of Achievement*. Harper, \$1.75.

Tappan. *American Hero Stories For children of Ten to Fifteen*. Houghton, \$2.00.

Eastman. *Indian Boyhood*. Little, \$2.50.

Nicolay. *Boy's Life of Lincoln*. Century, \$1.75.

Tappan. *European Hero Stories. For children of ten to fifteen*. Houghton, \$2.00.

Bridges and Tiltman. *Heroes of Modern Adventure*. Little, \$2.00.

Parkman. *Heroines of Service*. Century, \$2.00.

Parkman. *Heroes of Today*. Century, \$2.00.

Wallace. *The Story of Grenfell of the Labrador*. Revell, \$1.50.

Brower. *Story Lives of Great Musicians*. Stokes, \$2.00.

OUR CO-WORKER

(Continued from Page 9)

contributed abundantly to the welfare and success of the organization.

The Conference has made rich contributions to the mountain work. We gratefully acknowledge that part contributed by Mr. Campbell, prompted by an urge to serve and a strong desire to help his co-workers on the field and his Highland friends. The 1919 Conference was the last one he presided over. He was ill for several weeks previous to the meeting and still suffering during Conference week. A few months later he entered into his rest. He left behind him more than a memory; he immortalized his life by an exalted service to his Highland friends.

As the time drew near when preparations for the next Conference should be begun, the secretary and loyal friends of the organization feared that the Conference must be given up. but Mrs. Campbell offered her services and under her efficient leadership it has carried on, conserving the spirit and ideals and interest of the past.

With the closing of Mr. Campbell's life and the completion of his book "The Highlander and His Homeland" by Mrs. Campbell, the Southern Division of The Russell Sage Foundation was withdrawn. The work he had been called to do by the Foundation had been completed. It was a tribute to the reach and thoroughness of his investigations and the exhaustiveness of his reports. Others might have done the work he did as an investigator. The value of Mr. Campbell's administration of his position was in a personal concern in the interests of the people in every phase of

the work devoted to their economic, educational, and spiritual progress and in his genuine and intimate attitude as co-worker with the personnel of the big task. This was a work of supererogation, his personal contribution to the beneficent enterprise, his faithfulness to the call which came to him in the Andover seminary. He was cut off in the midst of his years, but he had filled out a full lifetime of service.

Those who knew Mr. Campbell intimately cherish his memory. His spirit abides in our Conference. His counsel is still vocal. A dream of his has come true in a Folk School in the mountains. Truly his was an abundant life, immortal.

THE STORY OF ROWENA ROBERTS

(Continued from Page 20)

her time, but instead of spending her short vacations in Atlantic City or other pleasure resort, she spends all the time allowed her each year at her old home with her aged parents and amid the friends of her childhood; and she contributes liberally of her means to the comfort and happiness of those two old people. On her last visit she purchased and had installed for them a radio, which does much to rid their lives of loneliness.

The fact that she has so long filled her present position is evidence of her ability and character, but in order to properly appreciate Miss Roberts, one should know her personally. This has been the writer's privilege since she was a small child, and to have spent many pleasant hours in her childhood home on the Tellico.

Our Southern Highlands are full of young people of great potentialities. If they will but only "lift up their eyes unto the hills" and catch the right sort of visions, and then go to work to make them real, there is no limit to what they may accomplish.

The mountains, like the cities, have their slums. But they also have their aristocracy, an aristocracy based on wealth but not worth.

PICTURES That Ought to MOVE Off the Stage of American Thinking

MEXICO: A land of desperadoes and bandits who wear sombreros and carry miniature arsenals.

CANADA: A landscape of snow and ice, a place where it is always winter.

THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS: A part of the country where the men are moonshiners and the women sit in front of dilapidated log cabins smoking pipes.

It isn't that these pictures have become out-of-date, but that they never were true—any truer than that the old Bowery was all of New York City or that every Chicagoan is a gun-man or a corrupt politician.

MESSENGERS OF GOOD WILL are needed within, as well as between, nations. *MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK* would be such a messenger between the mountains and the rest of the nation.

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